VOL. XLII. No. 1071. PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 15th, 1897. PRICE TEN CENTS.
Copyright, 1897, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

COPYRIGHT 1897 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A PUZZLING FEATURE OF THE NEW PROSPERITY.

The Farmer is all right, — but the Laborer is finding that it costs him more money to live.

HIS STATUS.

ASKINS.— Colonel Windbagger is an out-and-out Democrat, is n't he?

GRIMSHAW. — No; just at present he is simply an out Democrat.

A REASONABLE SUSPICION.

PROMINENT KANSAN.— What is the matter with Chinnaway, the Populist orator? He has been looking very despondent of late.

SECOND KANSAN *(also prominent)*. — Oh! he is beginning to suspect that the silver question is plated.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A CHANCE FOR THE OPPRESSED.

A man may have a soured, disagreeable shrew for a wife, yet he may be able to get along with her exceedingly well at times.

A CORRECTION.

"We have known each other but a few short days," he began.

"Excuse me," interrupted the Summer Girl from Boston. "The days in the middle of Summer are among the longest of the year."

FIN DU SAISON.

These days the Summer boarders meet,
With faces red and brown,
And tell what they shall have to eat
When they come back to town.

THE KLONDIKE was discovered just in time to make the gold cure available for a serious case of national unrest.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream the other night. —
(What handy things are dreams,
When men who scribble poetry
Run short of better themes!)

I dreamed that fifty years had rolled
Into the misty past,
And that the grand old Ship of State
Had nobly met each blast
That threatened her with certain wreck—
Had weathered many a gale
That gave a start to stoutest heart,
And made e'en strong men quail.

A tariff bill had been devised
That suited every man;
The money question, too, had been
Arranged in such a plan
That everyone was satisfied —
The rich and poor alike;
And Capital and Labor, too,
Had ceased to "grind" and "strike."

The North and South forgot that they
In deadly strife had met
And fought till many a battlefield
With heros' blood was wet.
And e'en the loud-mouthed Anarchist
Had ceased to flaunt the rag
Of Anarchism. Convinced was he
We needed but one flag.

And then I dreamed that once again
There raged a dreadful war,
And many a stream in our fair land
Ran red with human gore.
What caused the trump of war to sound?
To jealousy 't was due.
New York had reached for Texas, and
Chicago claimed it, too.

Charles S. Carter.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A SIMILARITY.

PAT.— Phwat 's "insomnia," Moike?

MIKE.—Whoi, ut 's a disase thot won't let a felly shlape whin he wants to!

PAT.— Begorrah! ut musht be a good deal loike an alar-rum clock, thin!

SUSPICIOUS.

GOVERNESS.— Why don't you eat your consommé, Bertie?

BERTIE.— 'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook Papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup.

BITS OF INSIDE HISTORY.

HOW BLUFF KING HAL CAME TO CHICAGO.

BLUFF KING HAL was visiting Chicago incognito. He had to come that way, as the wild vortex of dissipation he would have been plunged into had society of the Windy City known of his presence, would have detracted from the serious purpose of his visit.

Here it may be as well to state that the serious purpose aforesaid was not the cornering of the pork market, nor — as Bluff King Hal's cognomen might suggest — the making of a record at poker; but the fame of Chicago as a divorce centre had reached his royal ears in far-away England, and he resolved to come and see for himself.

"By the House of Tudor!" he had exclaimed to Cardinal Wolsey; "you have had exclusive charge of my divorce business for years, and yet, if half of what I hear of this smart city of the Yankees is true, in the matter of legal separation, with or without alimony on the side, their business capacity in this regard makes your feeble efforts look like thirty cents!"

Three weeks later Harry Eight Times was registered at the Palmer House, in the metropolis of the Middle West, as "H. Tudor, London, Eng.," and was agreeably dividing his time between the divorce courts, the stock yards and roller skating on the Chicago River.

It was hard to tell which he enjoyed most, the roller skating, the courts or the stock yards. Especially at the latter did voluntary exclamations arise to his lips.

"Gadzooks! but 't is in sooth a rapid town! Eftsoons I shall embark for England's merry shores, and then —" The rest of his remarks the historian failed to catch; and in another month he was back in England, actively engaged again in the reigning business.

His first official act upon his return was to call his counselors and acquaint them with Chicago methods of procedure in the matter of divorce; but he must have got his accounts of the courts and the stock yards mixed, for, upon the morrow, when he was asked which way Annie Bullen, the present Mrs. Tudor, was to get it, he turned upon his royal heels and answered gruffly, in purest Chicagoese, "In the neck!"

And history records that this is the way Annie got it.

R. L. M.

AT HIS MERCY.

PEASE.— I had an awful time at the dentist's.

HUBBARD.— Worse than you expected?

PEASE.— I should say so! He put some of his confounded instruments in my mouth so that I could n't talk back, and then he told me his wheel was better than mine.

BROOKLYN THOUGHTFULNESS.

MR. PROSPECT HITES.— My wife is very good to me. She never goes shopping without bringing me home something to please me.

MR. GREENWOOD-STONE.— That is awfully nice in her.

MR. PROSPECT HITES.—Yes; see this nice bottle of oil she just gave me to oil the baby-carriage wheels!

THE BIKE FIEND'S FATE.

H! THE silent rush of the steed of steel
And the silv'ry flash of the whirring wheel!
While the ribbony road runs off the reel
And silently slips astern, you feel
The joy of the Jovian bird in flight,
On pinions buoyant, strong and tight
As he cleaves the crystal dome of light
And skims the sky in the morning bright.

Hurrah for the pedal, the sprocket and chain!
The cushion of air and the spidery frame!
Hurrah for the rush of the rocketty game
That laughs the speed of the horse to shame!
Ting-ling! "Hi! there; d' ye hear the bell?
Get out o' the way! In the ditch? Oh! well,
Her horse is a fool. Is n't my fault she fell—
Bow-wow! Ki-yi! Smash! Bang! "Oh! * * * * !"

(With Apologies to the Author.)

The walrus and the carpenter
Were walking close at hand.
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

J. F. Duncan.

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

Headache, I s'pose, is th' colic made by green thinks.

Most fellers won't admit they 've got enough till they 've too much.

There 's room in a week for only one Sunday and about twenty-six Saturdays.

Cats can't talk, but you always know what they mean. Folks is diff'runt.

If a man did n't get his whiskers cut off, prob'ly some kind o' blossoms would come on 'em.

When some fellers say a funny thing they laugh so hard that everybody else has t' laugh t' get 'em stopped.

Some fellers won't act gentlemanly towards yuh till yuh lick 'em once.

When a baby comes to our house Pa flies all to pieces; but Ma she just goes t' bed an' takes it calm.

When Ma says she wants t' talk with Pa a minute, Pa always looks at his watch an' groans.

Th' slowest old day I ever had was th' one when Ma said at night: "You 've been a lovely boy to-day, Plato, dear."

Ma leaves Emerson's essays layin' open on th' table for visitors t' see, while she reads th' works of another feller that sells for ten cents.

David Henry.

PROGRESS.

SHE.—Is n't it wonderful how the use of electric fans has increased?

HE.—Yes, indeed! They are used for all purposes except flirting.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

GOOD CAUSE.

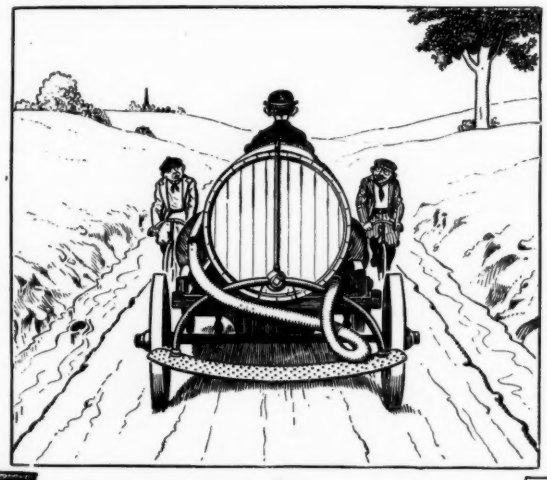
MR. WOOLBERTON.—Say, Jedge! I wants ter git me a diworce from my old woman. I can't lib wid her no mo'.

LAWYER.—You can't live with her? Why?

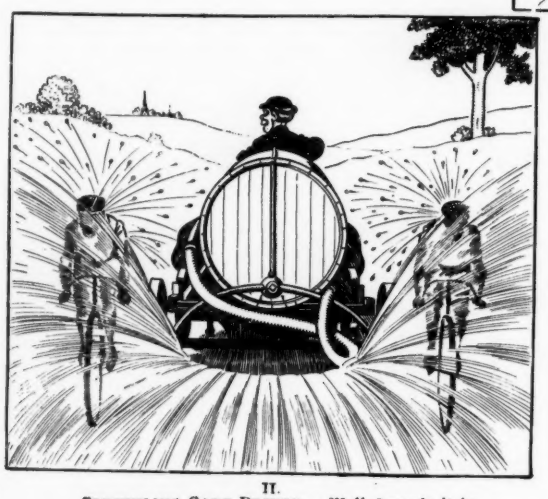
MR. WOOLBERTON.—'Cause she won't let me, suh. Says she 's done tiahed keeping a lazy niggah loafin' roun' de house.

A QUESTION OF THE RIGHT OF WAY.

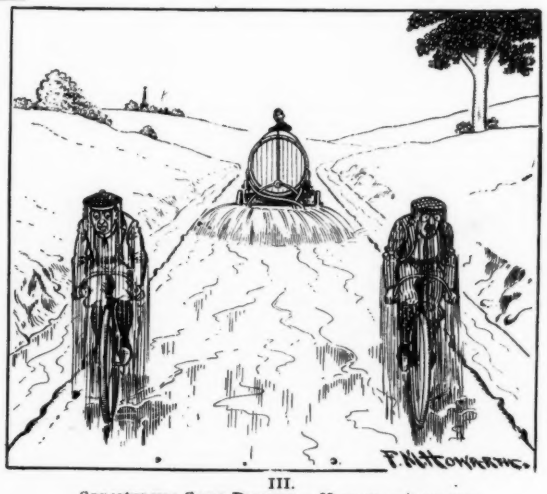
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



I.
THE TWO CYCLERS.—Hi, there! you Irish gas-house tarrier! Do you want the whole road?



II.
SPRINKLING CART DRIVER.—Well, I needs it in me business, sometimes!



III.
SPRINKLING CART DRIVER.—Now go an' sun yer-silves, yez spindle-shanked piston-rods!

TOUCHED.

"A FRIEND IN NEED 's a friend indeed," they say.
I never realized it till to-day
I met an actor friend, upon Broadway.

If you had seen his suit—all baggy-knee'd—
His unshaved chin—I 'm sure you 'd have agreed
From top to toe he was a "friend in need."

And, had you seen him rush across the way
To where I stood, to take my hand, and stay
To shake and shake and shake and shake and say:

He *was* so glad! And how did business speed?
And how were all at home?—you would concede,
Of all the world, he was my "friend, indeed."

Melville Chater.

WELL OCCUPIED.

LITTLE ELMER ASKINS.—I s'pose you wasted a good deal of time during your vacation in the country?

LITTLE JOHNNY SQUANCH.—No, siree! When I was n't playing or loafing I was always eating apples or something.

1940.

"Made his money in Alaska, did n't he?"
"Yes; he 's an old ninety-sevener."

IT IS not safe to trust women with secrets. Men are more reliable—in the ratio of about six to five.

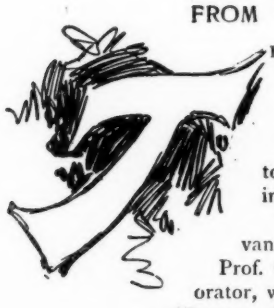
THE UNEXPECTED would not happen so often if we did not bring it upon ourselves.

HIS FAILURE.

SALLY GAY.—What do you suppose is the cause of little Mrs. Brisk's despondency? Does her husband neglect her?

DOLLY SWIFT.—Yes; but not enough, I fancy.

FROM "THE RURALVILLE BAZOO."



THE RUTHLESS struggle for supremacy, culminating in the survival of the fittest and the immolation of the weakest, which is being constantly waged in all lines of endeavor, compels the country newspaper, as well as its metropolitan brother, to strain every nerve to keep abreast of the on-rushing wave of progress.

To the end that we may retain our place in the van of the procession, we have secured the services of Prof. Clarence Longnecker, the talented young bard and orator, who recently graduated with signal honors from the village academy, and whose valedictory, which was entirely in verse and nearly twenty-five minutes long, was the wonder and admiration of all who had the pleasure of listening to its rendition. Hereafter, the Professor will act as our proxy at all social functions, and will, whenever desired, recite at each and every wedding, funeral, party, festival and kindred entertainment, an appropriate, original poem, of which he carries a large and varied assortment constantly in his head. These gems of poesy will be entirely gratis, presented with the compliments of the *Bazoo*, as will also be the natal, hymeneal and obituary poems which will, whenever requested, be appended to announcements of that character appearing in this paper. The Professor will also be glad, at any time, to provide such of our subscribers as have need of them with poetical epitaphs, wholly without payment.

In view of this enterprising and beneficent action on our part, we hardly need reiterate that now is the time to subscribe!

Tom P. Morgan.

WHETHER LIFE is worth living depends a good deal on whether you think it is or not.

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

MRS. MOKEBY.—What fo' yo' done tie dat string to de rooster's laig?

LITTLE WASHINGTON.—Wal, Mammy, dat rooster ain't ours!

BALLADE OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE ACTRESS who spent her last cent
To visit ye Paris the gay,
The playwright who went with intent
To pilfer the plot of a play;
The dressmakers who for a day
Through Worth and through Felix did roam—
Those cities of silken display!—
They 're all very glad to get home!

Those who, o'er their handle-bars bent,
Up the Bois de Boulogne flew away,
Or pedaled from London to Kent
Through fogs that were heavy and gray;
Who followed the rut of the dray,
And swore at some wondering mome
Who saw them get stuck in the clay—
They 're all very glad to get home!

The heiress who went on the scent
Of a titled name sunk in decay;
The man who went hunting Content
In the Valley of Dismal Dismay;
The bookworms who sought some rare prey,
Some ancient and priceless old tome—
To find they had been led astray!—
They 're all very glad to get home!

L'ENVOY.

Prince, the fathers who had to defray
Expenses from Hither and Rome,
And the people the trip did n't pay—
They 're all very glad to get home!

Harold MacGrath.

A THOROUGH CANVASS.

RETURNED WESTERNER.— Yes, sir, those cyclones out West usually make a clean sweep. I lost everything I had in one. It came along about noon, and took house, furniture and everything in sight. And then, I 'll be blamed if the villainous thing did n't come back in half an hour.

EASTERN MAN.— Why, how does that come?

"Why, you see, there was a chattel mortgage in the house on some cattle belonging to a neighbor I had lent some money to, and, you may not believe it, but that cussed, grasping cyclone came back and took every head of these cattle."

TOO MODEST.

"I propose," said the man of sanguine expectations, "to incorporate an Alaska gold mining company with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars."

"And you call yourself a promoter!" exclaimed the other man, scornfully. "Why, it does n't cost a cent more to make the capital a million dollars!"

APPARENTLY.

SHE.— It is wonderful how these stories travel!

HE.—Yes, indeed! I think Dame Rumor must ride a wheel.

FOILED AGAIN.

"The cold, measured voice suddenly ceased. He listened eagerly, but all was silence."

This is not an extract from a popular novel. The gent in question had merely dropped a nickel in the slot of the phonograph to hear "Casey at the Bat," with a tin accent.

"The darn thing 's out o' gear!" he said. And he was mulcted three more nickels before he got the cold, measured voice in its entirety.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

"Yes; and when they get there they go to the devil."

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

WANTED TO KNOW THE GROUND HE COVERED.

OUTERTOWN. — Howson Lott is the most inquisitive and peculiar fellow I ever saw.

SUBBUBS.—What 's he been doing now?

OUTERTOWN. — Why, he 's gone and put a cyclometer on his lawn mower!

WE NEED THE WORD.

"Why will people talk of overcrowded cars? Does n't 'crowded' express the idea?"

"No, indeed! It does n't begin to express it!"

IN THE LOWEST DEEP.

DANTE. — Goodness! Have n't I seen the worst yet?

VIRGIL.— No; come with me and I will show you some wretches engaged in an endless game of golf.

HIS PLATFORM.

FRIEND. — I suppose you are active in the movement for better roads?

WHEELMAN. — Of course! Our motto is, "Where there is a wheel there ought to be a way."

BREAKING WAVES.

Rippled back from her brow divine
The waves of golden hair
Till they broke behind her ear; she got
The iron too hot just there.

SOME PEOPLE are so busy maintaining their dignity that they do not seem to be able to do anything else.

MEN HAVE substantially the same opinion of a girl who smokes cigarettes as the girls would have of a man who sat in a hammock to show his pretty stockings.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A FIRST VIEW.

THE ARTIST'S FATHER.—That 's fine, my boy; but you ain't going to let your mother see it, are you?

PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, September 15, 1897. — No. 1071.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS. — The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

PUCK'S Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PROTECTION'S PUZZLE.

THE PROTECTIONIST believes that prosperity is made by scarcity and dearness. When the American farmer raises large crops which he can not sell at a profit the Protectionist assures him that he is the victim of "overproduction"— that he is poor because he has too much riches. This year wheat is scarce and dear in the markets of the world and the Protectionist is able to shout him a triumphant "I told you so!" But the Protectionist's logic is still one-sided. When one end of his teeter-board goes up the other end must come down. He must always be explaining to one or the other of his victims. Where once he had the farmer to pacify, for that he perished in a year of plenty, he has this year to pacify the consumer for that he must pay more to live. When wheat began to rise the consumer unsuspectingly rejoiced with the farmer. Now he is forcibly reminded that dear wheat means dear bread. Already forced under the new tariff to pay higher prices for the other necessaries of life, he now sees that he must also pay the increased price which the farmer gets for his wheat. And he will ask embarrassing questions of the Protectionist so long as he has to endure this hardship. Situations of this kind show what hard work it is being a Protectionist, and how very natural it is that Monopoly has to pay a high price in order to have able-brained men preach the system.

WHERE THE TIPS GO.

THE TIPPING NUISANCE has suffered its annual discussion in the public prints, with the usual result: the admission that tipping seems to be a necessary evil. Without disputing this, we would suggest that the tipping public is generally unaware of an all-important truth, which is that the real culprit is not the servitor but the employer. So, too, the real beneficiary of the tip is the employer and not the servitor. It has not always been so. Time was when a tip was a gratuity bestowed by a man who had dined well upon a waiter who had served him well. It was a gratuity in the true sense, and a profit to the waiter. But the employer has learned to take the waiter's tips for himself. He now calculates the probable value of these tips, fixes the rate of wages accordingly, and thus changes what should be an offering of good-will to a forced tribute which the servant must levy upon his patrons. To take a conspicuous example, Mr. George M. Pullman stands at the back of every sleeping-car porter in his employ and snatches the quarters which dusted travelers yield up to him in terror. Mr. Pullman might possibly resent the offer of a single quarter from one of his patrons, but none the less he forces his porters to collect quarters for him, and we can not see that the magnitude of the operation lends it any dignity.

* * *

As flagrant an offender is the Summer hotel proprietor. He turns loose to prey upon his patrons a horde of ravening waiters, porters and bell boys, who know they must collect their wages from the public. No service, from the moving of a chair to the fetching of a pitcher of ice-water, may be safely requested without payment — and the money goes to the smug proprietor who affects such poignant anxiety about the comfort of his "guests." If these "guests" would remember always that the annoyance and imposition which they suffer under this system should be blamed upon the proprietor and not upon his servants, they might devise some way of showing their resentment effectively. But, as a rule, they blame the servants, and never reflect that the proprietor forces them into their life of piracy. The keepers of restaurants, too, offend in varying degrees. The proprietor of one well-known New York restaurant, in upper Broadway, pays his waiters but fifty cents a day for a day of fourteen hours. They must force the remainder of their wage from his patrons, and they can not work for him at all unless they have the knack of foisting celery and other "extras" upon the unsuspecting diner. In the language of one of his waiters: "He don't *want* a waiter; he wants a salesman." But the diner rarely divines that his "host" is the instigator of this annoying system of extortion, and the only one to profit by it. Doubtless we shall always give tips; but when we feel like complaining it is only fair that we should have the real culprit in mind.

INCONCEIVABLE.

"IS THAT the man, Mr. Reed?" asked the magistrate, as the policeman led forward the man accused of burglary.

"It is."

"Did you recognize him while he was in the house?"

"I did."

There was a burst of incredulous laughter from the Court and spectators.

"Discharge the prisoner," said his Honor.

IN MAINE.

NATIVE.— One of our leadin' citizens went to New York lately to study the workin' of that Raines law.

VISITOR.— Does he think it would be a good idea to compel the drug stores to sell sandwiches?

"THE EXCEPTION," ETC.

All men have a vein of poetry in them. Alfred Austin proves the rule.

HIS REASON.

FIRST COUNTERFEITER.— I wish people in general were like Congress.

SECOND COUNTERFEITER.— Why?

FIRST COUNTERFEITER.— A bad bill would be easier to pass than a good one.

COY AND QUIET.

"Have you seen any signs of returning prosperity yet?"

"Well, it 's hard to tell; prosperity is a good deal like rheumatism — when a man has it he hates to admit it."

THIS SENSATIONAL AGE.

"Our clergyman is furious."

"What 's the matter?"

"A New York newspaper asked him to get up an article on 'Summer Girls of the Bible.'"

SOME PEOPLE boast of a presentiment as if it were the mark of a great intellect.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

LOOKING DOWNWARD.

STRANGER.— A queer place to paint advertisements, my friend.

SIGN PAINTER. — That 's all right. I know me business! Almost every one that comes along this road rides a bicycle.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

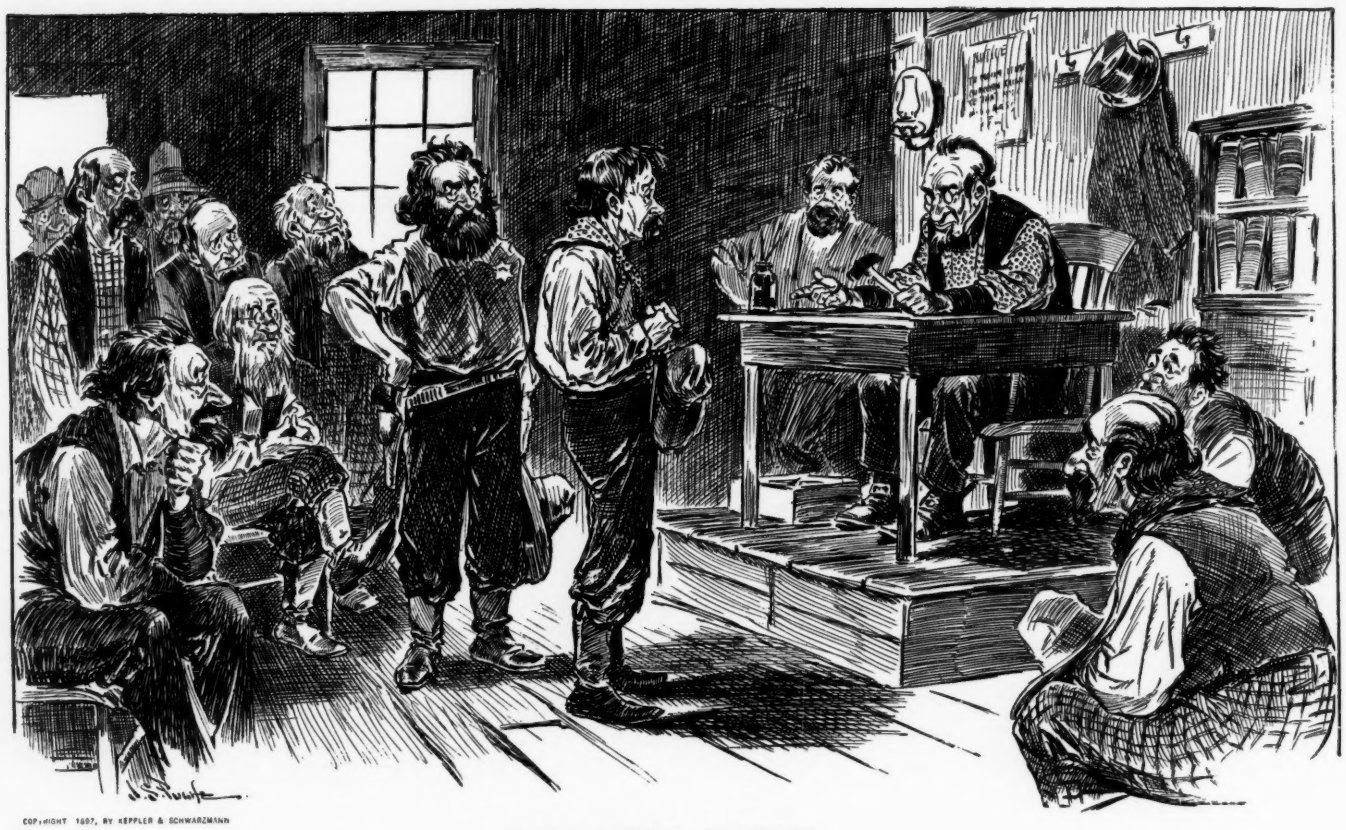
A SELF-EVIDEN

UNCLE SAM. — Say! I want you fellows to distinctly

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

F-EVIDENT FACT.

ys to distinctly understand that I 'm not racing with you!



COPYRIGHT 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

ENCOURAGING HONESTY.

"Pris'ner at the bar," ponderously began a moss-grown, but shrewd old Arkansas justice, addressing a slab-sided gentleman who had just pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzling a hog; "yore crime is a mighty serious one, an' fer it you deserve the extreme penalty uv the law. But, as you are the only man in the entire history uv this yere cou't that ever owned up to stealin' anything, I 'm goin' to take yore promise not to do it ag'in, an' turn you loose. You may be a thief; but, by heck! you are an honest man, an' I 'm goin' to show you that I appreciate an' respect honesty whurever I run up against it. But, in so doin', let me make the announcement to all who may be interested, that nobody need n't git the idea into their heads that I 'll do the same thing the next time, an' turn loose every gent that is snatched up befo' me fer stealin',—jest burcuz he owns up to it when he finds himself caught. This yere example uv poetic justice is merely a momentary attack with me, an' hain't liable to become chronic. Pris'ner at the bar, you may go!"

Tom P. Morgan.

AN OBSTACLE.

ABNER. — I see where they're makin' row-boats out o' paper. I s'pose they 'll be makin' warships out o' paper, yet.

REUBEN. — Wal, I dunno. The Government has to pay for them, an' mebbe paper would n't be expensive enough.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

Again that ringing in his ears!

It was the warning he had dreaded. He knew his time had come. Yet, although he had started at the sound, he seemed half-dazed and wholly careless of the consequences.

But still the ringing in his ears!

"Drat it!" he finally said; and, springing from his bed, the care-worn commuter shut off the alarm-clock and proceeded to dress for the 7:10 train.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a heap of difference
In the price of land.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

ALL THE SAME IN THE END.

ETHEL. — Did you hear of the engagement of Jack and Penelope?
HAROLD. — Dear me! — then Jack has finally succeeded?
ETHEL. — No; — succumbed.

NOT COMPLAINING.

FRIEND. — What sort of luck did you have in Wall Street?

EX-OPERATOR. — Fair. I got away with some of my money.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

LITTLE CLARENCE. — Pa, what is a "sad wag?"

MR. CALLIPERS. — That is the old-fashioned name for a d — d fool; the kind of a fellow that is always wanting to tell you a funny story about something that happened out at Omaha-ha-ha.

NO HARM IN TELLING.

CLARA. — I 'm engaged; but don't tell.

MAUDE. — What difference would that make? No one would believe it.

IN THE MUSEUM.

THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS. — How gracefully the India-Rubber Man walks!

THE OBESE LADY. — Of course! He has an elastic step.

A SCOTCH SKETCH.

THE SHADOWS lengthened on old Ben Nevis. Surely none of my readers imagines that Ben Nevis is the hero of my simple Scotch sketch. If so, he is awa' off. Ben Nevis is a mountain, and I have flung it in as a suitable background for the following conversation:

"Mither, Mither, ye 'll mek nae doot o' ha'ein' roast beef fer supper," said Hillocks Kilspindie, as he sat on the old bench in front of their cottage door.

With a troubled look, his mother, old Margaret Kilspindie, replied: "Man, Hillocks div ye no see me buyin' the haggis?"

"Yes, Mither; but I 'm sair sick o' haggis. Syne Scotch literatoor kem in it 's hard put we are to live at all. I say may the plague take MacLaren and Barrie and Crockett. Before they began to write,"—and in his excitement Hillocks was using as good English as any other Scotchman in real life,—"roast beef and wheat bread and chops and tomato sauce and other Christian dishes were good enough for us all. Then came the influx of Americans who wanted to see the scenes made immortal by the Bonnie Brier Bush (I wish Ian might have scratched his writing-hand upon it,) and the Window in Thrums (which I wish some one had broken before Barrie saw it), and now it is haggis in the morning, and haggis at noon, and haggis at night, and Scotch dialect that tears my tongue to pieces, all the time."

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

NOT AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

MOTHER *(in horror)*.—O John! Don't you see what baby is doing? He is sucking all the paint off that monkey on the stick!

FATHER *(deep in his paper)*.—Oh! that 's all right! It only cost two cents. Don t be miserly, Mary!

"Hech, my bairnie; but thae are wrang words, an' fu' o' unchristian bitterness."

"Oh, Mother! drop your 'hechs' and your 'fu's.' There are no Americans about this evening. It 's hard enough to talk the abominable gibberish when we have to, without keeping it up all the time. But, tell me, Mother, could n't you smuggle in a little roast beef to-night, and let me eat in the cellar?" And a pleading look came into the young man's eyes that was hard to resist.

"My bairn, I mean my boy, I 'd like to, but I dare not. MacLaren's inspectors are due here any minute, and I could ill afford to pay the heavy fine that would be levied if we were found with as English a thing as roast beef in the house. No, lad; we maun stick to parritch and haggis. I mean we must stick to oatmeal and haggis."

Just then the sentry that was stationed at the outskirts of the village to warn the villagers of the approach of Americans, gave the laugh of warning. "H-O! H-O! HO!" And, with a bitter look on his face and a shake of his fist in the direction of Loch Lomond, Ben Nevis, Ben Bolt and various other bits of Scotch scenery that were scattered about, Hillocks Kilspindie said to his mother: "Weel as surees death a' cudna help it; tae be sittin' on peens for mair than twa oors, tryin' tae get a grup o' a man's heads. (I learned that this morning, Mother. Is n't it a looloo?")

"(Indeed it is, my son. Look out! The Americans are almost within earshot.) Noo we 've tae begin an' keep it up till they gang awa', for there maunna be a cheep aboot the hoose, for Annie's sake! Here they are."

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

INSTINCTIVE HOSTILITY.

ISAACS.—Dot vas a fine dog of yours.

COHENSTEIN.—Aind't it? You schoost ought to hear him bark ven he sees a fireman.

"Mither! Mither! if ye loe me bring me mair haggis."

CHORUS OF AMERICANS.—Oh! how adorably Scotch!

"Losh keep us a' but the childie 'll eat his mither oot o' hoose an' haim wi' his haggis. Ye 'll find some o' it i' the cupboard."

AMERICAN *(politely, to* HILLOCKS*)*.—Have some haggis on me.

HILLOCKS *(with a canny Scotch leer)*.—Thanks; but I prefer a plate.

Charles Battell Loomis.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

HIS HOPE.

THE BURGLAR.—Me lawyer is tryin' to put off de trial as long as he kin.

FRIEND.—What for?

THE BURGLAR.—Well, what I took was silver, an' silver 's goin' down so fast dat de offence 'll soon seem triflin'!

COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

TIME'S CHANGE.

"Gosh! Miss, but things is changed! When I was a youngster no girl ever teched a shinny.

A WELCOME TRUTH.

WHILE LOOKING over an astronomical journal recently I was considerably startled and, indeed, agitated, to read the following interesting bit of information:

"If we multiply each planet's mass by the area which the several projected radius vectors describe upon a plane in a unit of time, the sum of these products will be a maximum.

"We therefore have the equation

$$Sm \sqrt{a + x^2 e} = C$$

"That is to say, multiply the mass of each planet by the square root of the sem-major axes of its orbit, and by the square of its eccentricity; add these products for all the planets, and the sum will be a constant quantity C, which is very small."

I say I was somewhat agitated by this statement, as it was a truth I little suspected, though I had toiled over the matter for many a weary hour without success. Starting with the equation

$$Sm \sqrt{a + x^2 e} = C$$

I was never able to manipulate it so that it would accomplish any satisfactory result. On one occasion, which I distinctly remember, I extracted, without pain, and without administering gas, the square root, and then very foolishly laid it aside, thinking I would not need it again. This was exceedingly unfortunate, as the expression was now in a maimed condition, and not capable of doing its duty without slipping a cog at the most unexpected times, and in the most provoking manner.

I determined to make up for this defect by the addition of several more major axes than had been contemplated in the original design, but I found on investigation that the result would be as follows:

$$QQ + x\ (\sin jv)\ x\ \&\ z = ni + T^2;$$

which expression, as is readily observable by even the unskilled in astronomy, is bound to bring the planet Venus into the back-yard and translate the moon to some other solar system than the one to which she has grown accustomed by many years of intimate association.

Upon discovering this error, I set to work again with renewed ardor and made a diligent search for the missing square root, which, as before stated, had been extracted and carelessly laid aside. I hunted high and low, but without success, and it is my firm conviction that it was made away with by unscrupulous parties in the night season.

While looking for the root in the woodshed I came across a plane, a number of major axes, and a minor ax, or hatchet, as you may prefer to call it. With these additional implements I again devoted myself to my task, with this result:

$$K \times \tan \$\ (\&\&\&)\ 12\ A.M. = \frac{DA}{MN^2}.$$

Which is the same thing as saying that a radius vector has no eccentricity on a warm day; a proposition which will cause even lay readers to smile.

I was convinced by this time that nothing could be done in the absence of a properly qualified square root. I tinkered with the matter for some time longer, even going so far as to endeavor to reduce it to some kind of shape by planing it with the plane of the ecliptic, my purpose being to arrive at a result that would furnish some entertaining and instructive reading for *Heart's Delight*, a scientific journal to which I am a constant contributor; but the thing now began to go wrong in every direction. Instead of squaring the eccentricity, it insisted on moving around in a circle, and each major ax, to say nothing of the hatchet, selected an orbit of its own, a circumstance which tended to render the neighborhood exceedingly lively during the period of their greatest activity.

To cap the whole business, the radius vector, which projected, as originally stated, was broken off in the confusion, and consequently the whole thing was so mutilated that it had to be abandoned as hopeless.

I am unselfish enough, however, to read with pleasure that another than myself has been successful, and I am sure that the statement, which is quoted above, will greatly delight a large coterie of readers and that the truth therein so tersely expressed will bring joy and comfort to many hearts which are now cheerless.

Gilbert P. Coleman.

A MARITAL NECESSITY.

The man who finds his married life
From th' old too sudden a transition,
Should have, without a doubt, a wife
Like Cæsar's, — quite above suspicion.

IF YOU will try it a few times, you will find that your indignation will not always bear analysis.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

A LESSON IN MORALS.

MOTHER. — Now, Willy, you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?

WILLY *(sheepishly)*. — No!

MOTHER. — Why, a big black man with only one eye in the centre of his forehead comes along and flies with him up to the moon and makes him pick sticks for the balance of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awful wicked!

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

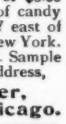
heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

Jules Claretie writes: "Vin Mariani gives to body and brain renewed vitality."

HARE LIPS spoil life's enjoyment. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York, makes life pleasant by eradicating hare lips, birth marks, and the like. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.



WIGWAY. — The neighbors are denouncing Mugler, the druggist, for an awful mistake he made the other day.

DUGLOW.—What was it?

WIGWAY.—You see, Crankman wanted a drug that would enable him to commit suicide, but Mugler gave him a harmless preparation that foiled him in the attempt.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Hunter The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

10 YEARS OLD

Baltimore Rye.

Pure and Mellow....

WM. LANAHAN & SON. BALTIMORE. MD.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

So handy to have in the house; can be served in a minute's notice. You will not be found just out of the necessaries to make a cocktail. Having tried our bottled "Cocktails," you will never be without them.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

THANKFUL FOR THAT.

SHE.—You won't get much money when you marry me, George.

HE.—That may be; but every little helps, these hard times, my darling.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

BRASS BAND
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free;* it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 31 Adams St., Chicago.

Now Ready: PUCK'S QUARTERLY, No. 6. 25 Cents.

No. 4711. ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

A lasting scent of rare Fragrance and Delicacy. Has all the true odor of fresh natural Violets.
BE SURE AND GET "No 4711"

No 4711 RHINE VIOLET TOILET WATER the latest novelty.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK. U.S. AGENTS.

SEN-SEN THROAT EASE and BREATH PERFUME
Good for Young and Old.
AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS IN STAMPS
SEN-SEN CO. DEPT A. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Bartholdi writes: "Vin Mariani brightens and increases all our faculties."

Throw out those nasty doses. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters is a tasty tonic that tones. Take only Abbott's—the genuine.

WHEN a woman refuses an invitation by saying that acceptance would be an imposition, that settles it; she is getting ready to accept.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS
An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE **Veeder** CYCLOMETER
Gives zest to the ride.
DUST PROOF. WATERPROOF. POSITIVELY ACCURATE.
¾ in. long. Weight, 1 oz. Price $1.50
Shows large, plain figures. Beware of Imitations. At all Dealers. Booklet Free.
VEEDER MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

CHEW **Beeman's** The Original **Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL."—*Newcastle (England) Chronicle.*

THE CARE OF THE TEETH

A PAMPHLET OF 32 PAGES, BY G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D.S.
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

Sozodont

Origin and Progress of Dentistry,
Some of the Principal Causes of Decay,
Substances Destructive to the Teeth,
Dentifrices—Useful and Injurious,
When a Dentist should be Consulted,
The Toothbrush and Toothpick, etc.

FREE, or with sample of Sozodont 3 cents.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

$7,800 GIVEN AWAY
To persons making the greatest number of words out of the phrase "Patent Attorney Wedderburn." For full particulars write the National Recorder, Washington, D. C., for sample copy containing same.

Henri Rochefort writes: "Vin Mariani completely reformed my constitution; offer some to the French Government."

Nine Years Experience has proven it.

They Stand the Racket

PHOENIX BICYCLES
are best of all high grade wheels.
Our Art Catalogue gives all the good points. Sent free.
Stover Bicycle Mfg. Co., Freeport, Ills.

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
MAKES
FLESH AND BLOOD
AVOID SUBSTITUTES
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK, AGENTS

A BOOK AS IS A BOOK.

"Is your Summer novel interesting, Lydia?"

"Interesting? I should say so! The heroine marries a rich man, and they have ice cream three times a day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN Atchison man says that he believes he is getting over his love affair; where he used to see a halo on his girl's head, he now sees an expensive hat.—*Atchison Globe.*

SOME people are opposed to theatres on account of the expense, and call it religion.—*Washington Democrat.*

TRADE MARK
Endwell Braces
are the best suspenders for
careful dressers
Style combined with comfort and service as in no others.
The standard American suspender
Best Furnishers keep them.
Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.
A cheaper model at 25 cents.
CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY,
4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

MAKING LITTLE PROGRESS.

GEORGE.—Have you and wifie decided yet what to name baby?

JACK.—N-o, not quite; but the list of 360 names, which my wife picked out, has been reduced to 179.

GEORGE.—Well, that 's making progress, anyhow!

JACK.—Yes; but you see about half of the 360 names were for another kind of a baby.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"I SAY, Pop," said Tommy, who was reading the Cyclopædia, "this is funny. They've got moths in here under B. I guess the editor had a cold in his head."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE FAMILY'S COMFORT
is insured if all are provided with
YPSILANTI
HEALTH UNDERWEAR
—the modern comfort underwear for progressive people. One perfect piece that fits and continues to fit until long wear has worn it out.
At dealers. Write for free book.
Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.
"Never rip and never tear.
Ypsilanti Underwear."
(L. & T. Chl.)

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St., NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS**
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

My Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are
SIMPLE, STRONG and EASILY used.
They preserve the copies in perfect shape.
Price, 75 cents each; by mail, $1.00.
United States Postage Stamps taken.
Address: H. WIMMEL,
39 East Houston St., N. Y.

SWEET FORGETFULNESS.

PERKINS.—Has Slopay ever paid you that ten dollars he borrowed last year?
DOBSON.—No; I guess he has forgotten all about it—he is just as social and friendly as he ever was.

KING OF ALL DRINKS
WERNER
HALF PINT
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE
25 ¢ A BOTTLE
HAS NO PEER
IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND POSSESSES A FLAVOR & NATURAL DRYNESS OF ITS OWN.
Served in all Restaurants, Hotels & Road-houses.
A. WERNER & CO.,
52 WARREN ST. N.Y. CITY.

Ball-Pointed Pens
Luxurious Writing!
(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable* and are ahead of all others
FOR EASY WRITING.
$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of
H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.; TOWER MFG. CO., 306 Broadway, New York. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston. A. C. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

A MEDICAL student uses a great deal more Latin than an old doctor.—*Wash. Democrat.*

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.
We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.
We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.
THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
A. R. Ledoux Prest.
Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

SUMMER PESSIMISM.

"There is no such thing on earth as retributive justice."

"Why do you say so?"

"The person who leaves fly-paper on a chair is never the one who sits down on it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Angostura Bitters was prepared by *Dr. Siegert* in South America sixty years ago, for his private use. It is a fraud to say that imitations made in this country are just as good.

ED. PINAUD'S 37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG.
PARIS
EAU DE QUININE
HAIR TONIC.
THE BEST HAIR RESTORER.
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE.
THIS REMARKABLE TOILET PREPARATION HAS NO EQUAL FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR AND WILL, AFTER A FEW APPLICATIONS, GIVE THE SCALP NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.
SHOULD BE ON THE DRESSING TABLE OF EVERY GENTLEMAN AND GENTLEWOMAN.

PROBABLY TRUE.

MR. TROTTER.—This paper says the Chicago River flows two ways—to the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

MRS. TROTTER.—Well, I thought I noticed a queer smell at the Thousand Isles this Summer!—*New York Weekly.*

WINE . . . . . *Cook's*
WINE . . . . . *Imperial*
WINE . . . . . *Champagne.*

1897 Models, $75 to all alike.

Hartford Bicycles, $50, $45, $40, $30.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Whiskey That is All Whiskey

Direct from Distillery.

We sell pure whiskey direct to consumers at distillers' prices, and have done it for 30 years. It is the product of our own distillery, and we know it to be the best whiskey sold for medicine or sideboard purposes. Our plan of selling direct is the only way to guard against adulteration, and to save dealers' monstrous profits. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere, but ten times as many ought to share these advantages. To let new customers know what we offer we make the following proposal.

We will send the first gallon of **Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20**, express prepaid anywhere. Whiskey of this quality cannot be obtained elsewhere at $5.00 per gallon. If our whiskey is not satisfactory, return it at our expense. We ship in plain packages — no marks to indicate contents. Try a sample gallon at our risk of pleasing you. Correspondence solicited.

HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 235 to 41 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.

References--Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton, O., or any Commercial Agency.

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS.

ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.

HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle, 10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for **25c.**

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

HEALTH ASSURED.

PHYSICIAN.— I fear you have been keeping yourself too closely confined. You should go out more. Take a constitutional every morning before breakfast.

COLONEL LIVEHIGH.—I always do, Doctor, two of 'em; and never less than three fingers.—*New York Weekly.*

SOMETIMES a girl's graciousness is caused by the fact that she has laid in a new supply of orris root, and some times her coldness may be traced to onions for dinner. Kissing is no sin, but it has its politics all the same.—*Wash. Capital.*

NOTHING pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of other folks.—*Ram's Horn.*

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"I USED VIN MARIANI MANY YEARS, AND CONSIDER IT A VALUABLE, PARTICULARLY SERVICEABLE STIMULANT."

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE.

Write to MARIANI & CO., for Descriptive Book, **75 PORTRAITS,** Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 239 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

Eat Lim-Olas (Patent Applied For)

Wholesome and Appetizing.

The Newest and Most Fashionable Relish in the Market.

Lim-Olas are carefully selected Queen Olives stuffed with sweet Spanish Pimientos, and preserved in a specially Prepared Sauce.

Trade Mark

For Sale by Messrs Acker, Merrall & Condit " " Park & Tilford and all First-Class Grocers.

Seville Packing Co. 77-79 Hudson St, New York.

A GOOD many folks kill themselves simply making a living.—*West Union Gazette.*

1897—1898 FALL and WINTER STYLES NOW READY.

You'll Always Wear a Hawes if You Wear One Once

Hawes GUARANTEED HATS

DERBIES AND SOFT HATS, $3.00 OPERA AND SILK HATS, $6.00 THE WORLD OVER.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE CLOTH HATS, $3, $4 & $5. LADIES' ROUND, DRESS AND OPERA HATS.

WE ARE LONG-DISTANCE HATTERS.

If, by chance, you live where "**Hawes Hats**" are not on sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one. Remit the price; give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State whether Stiff, Soft, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted.

Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less xpress charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

Hawes Hat Company

Broadway, cor. 13th—**NEW YORK**—Broadway, cor. 30th.

RHEINSTROM BROS.

CINCINNATI, O.

Popular Cocktails

WHISKEY
MANHATTAN
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
BRANDY
GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination, Quality, Purity and Brilliancy.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

A WOMAN enjoys herself best when she is making something out of old bread crust. — *Washington Democrat.*

THE Cosmopolitan Magazine for September contains the official announcement of the Cosmopolitan's Educational Work and Dr. Andrews' acceptance of the Presidency.

Julien Gordon's latest novel—a study of New York, Newport and Boston life—promises to be read by all who are interested in American fashionable life. A charmingly fresh Massachusetts girl is sacrificed in her youth to the ambition of a "rich marriage." Deprived of love, she throws herself into the race for social leadership; and we follow for twenty years, with ever-increasing interest, the career of this able and beautiful woman as she captures outpost after outpost, failing in Boston only to change her base of operations to England, and then attacking the main works of the enemy at New York, and so on to Newport, and finally beholds the capitulation of Boston itself.

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER'S NEW STUDY OF AMERICAN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Robert Oglesby, son of ex-Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, tells of his six months passed in the Yukon Gold Region, and describes the perils and hardships to be encountered.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

Ouida is always entertaining, and will be read when she writes of "The Art of Dress."

OUIDA ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

The instalment of the condition of affairs in India, possesses special interest at this time.

REPORT COSMOPOLITAN'S COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

Among the lighter articles of the September number is one by De Koven, telling much that is worth reading concerning Popular Songs.

MUSIC HALLS AND POPULAR SONGS.

Price, 10 Cents.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the **KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y.,** or **358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.** Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

Arnold Constable & Co.

FALL NOVELTIES.

A Choice Selection of the Latest

FALL STYLES AND FABRICS *in* Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Mourning Requisites, Suitings and Cloths, for Tailor-Made Gowns.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

YEAST. — Let us take in the aquarium tonight.

CRIMSONBEAK.—No; it 's too dry a show to suit me.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVERYONE dislikes the man who is too good to tell a lie to save a friend. —*Atchison Globe.*

Those Fine English Tobaccos *Capstan, Bird's Eye, Westward Ho, Three Castles, Gold Flake, etc.*

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England, and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

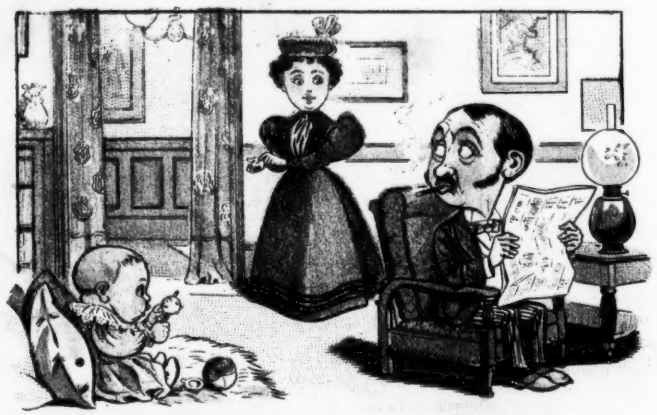
THOUSANDS OF OTHERS HAVE EARNED A BICYCLE

You can do it easily and quickly. Send name and address on postal for particulars to **Bicycle Gum Co.,** 1065 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for Book "Inventions Wanted." EDGAR TATE & CO., 245 Broadway, N.Y.

THE COST OF BREAKFAST.

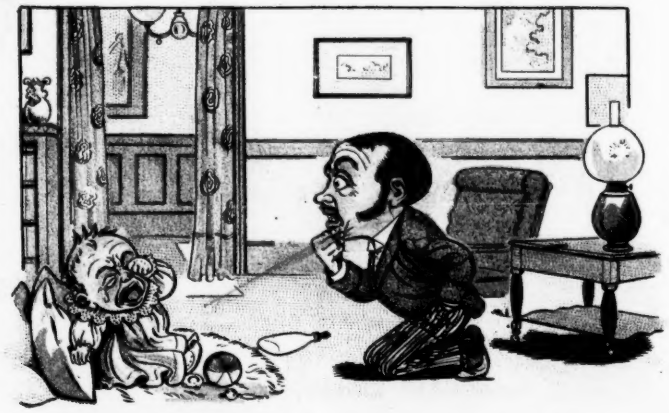
The dining cars operated by the Erie Railroad now serve breakfast, luncheon and supper on the café plan, the cost depending on what is ordered. Breakfast, for example, may consist of anything from fruit and chops to rolls and coffee and the passenger pays only for what he eats. An elaborate dinner is served table d'hôte at the uniform price of one dollar.



MRS. POPLEIGH.—George, I am going to run over to Mother's for a little while, while baby is good. If he cries, give him the bottle. It is near his bed time, any way.

MR. POPLEIGH.—Goodness me! I never minded a baby before in all my life. I wish servants and wives did n't go out at night. Confound it all! There he starts in just as soon as she leaves the house.

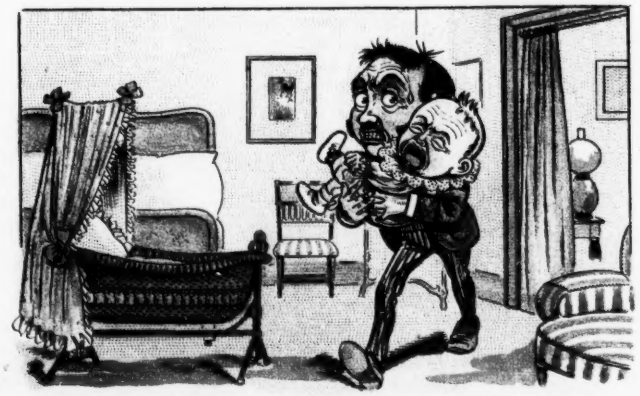
"Good heavens! what shall I do? Ah! yes; she told me to give him the bottle. Yes; that quiets him all right, you bet! All this talk about not being able to keep babies quiet is bosh.



"For goodness's sake! *Now*, what do you want? I guess it 's paregoric he wants.

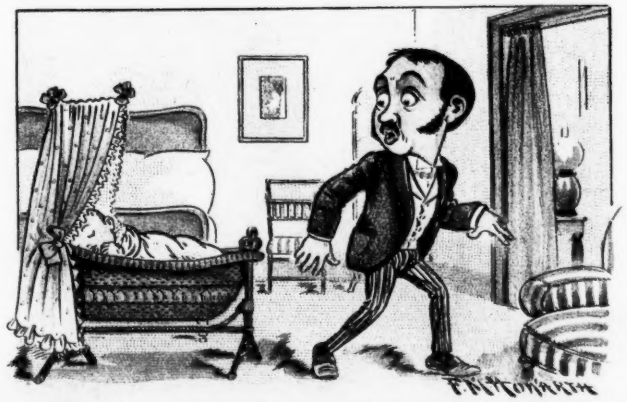
"Great Scott! He does n't appear to like that at all. What in the world shall I do? May be he wants to be amused.

"Hi diddle de, hi hi, hi di di!—That does n't seem to do any good, either. I 'll walk with him.



"Oh! heavens! I wish that woman would come home. I 've been walking this brat for an hour, and the more I walk the more he cries.

"Now, plague take you! If you insist on bawling, you might just as well bawl out of my arms as in them. *Now*, lie there and bawl to your heart's content!



(Sheepishly.) "Well, I 'll be hanged! Went to sleep just as soon as his head touched the pillow. Say! I wonder if that was n't what he was crying for?"

COPYRIGHT 1897 BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

THE INFANTILE EXPERIENCE OF YOUNG MR. POPLEIGH.